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ian 11 [From the Williamsburg Republican.] WAYSIDE SKETCHES.

TRAVELLING IN THE SWAMPS

BY OUR CHERAW CORRESPONDENT.

It is but a few days since the great balloon collapsed and came to grief. The thing was not well broken to harness, and, as many people expected, it kicked over the traces, smashed the vehicle behind it, scattered the bystanders, and mixed things up generally:

a consummation rather inglorious, perhaps, but doubtless very comforting and soothing to the feelings of the proposed navigators and their families-that is, if the perils of the upper air, the chances of paying an unwelcome visit to the moon, or of running aground on the dogstar, they escaped the still greater dangers lying in wait in the great

waters below.

If there is one of the elements for which the writer has unqualified contempt, and which he scrupulously keeps clear of on all possible occasions, it is that deceitful medium which the school book tells us is made up of "two of hydrogen and one of oxygen." Never. since that fatal truth was impressed forcibly on his youthful understanding an angle of forty-five degrees, all this and freely illustrated by the vigorous action of a piece of leather two feet long, making him revolve rapidly on his own axis round the school room un til the subject was clear from all obscurity, and a beautiful glow of scientific arder took possession of his soul-never has he hankered very much after water, Good Templars will please understand that I am in nowise "responsible" in thus unburthening my feelings, and they must, in every case, seek "satisfaction" from the editor of this paper only. Having settled that point, I am free to declare that my view of water in the abstract is that of an element calculated specially to terrify unfortunate little boys with chronic dirty faces, and hav ing the evil property of adulterating milk in cities and spoiling good whisky everywhere. But of all the manifold forms in which water can present itself "Take any shape but that, and my firm

Now, I am not very easily scared in general. I have gone through railroad smashes and been run away with by misguided brutes called horses; I have tumbled down trees and tried falling from the roofs of houses, both inside and out : I have seen ghosts and been chased by bull-dogs; and I still live-live to ckronicle an experience worse than all these combined. But to my tale.

About a week ago it was my ill fortune to set out with Col. Harris, of Kingstree, on a disastrous journey, whose end and aim was Conwayboro. Surely, the "ministers who wait on Nature's mischief" guided our way, after numerous small incidents and adventures, to that ill-omened part of the Pee Dee swamps, near which, as we were deluded iuto believing, is situated Gallivant's ferry. And there may be a ferry there; far be it from me to say there isn't ; for worthy and responsible people have asserted the fact. All I will say is that we tried to find that ferry; we searched diligently and gave our minds to it, but had to come away in a demoralized condition, without getting within several miles of that ferry, so far as we could judge. We didn't find it that day, and what is more, we don't much care if we

I should say that our journey went on swimmingly until we struck the Pee Dee swamp, and much more so before we got out of it. We drove out ill-fated horse into the water, with high hopes and a good courage, deeply sympathizing with the animal, however, as time passed on and no dry land appeared. We talked of trans-Atlantic voyages and disasters at sea, noting as we went the cheering nature of the traveling arrangements in those parts, and the ingenuity with which the roads are run throngh as many swamps as possible, while in cases where this cannot be managed, Nature brings up the swamp to overflow the road. So things went on till we had

out of the wet. Harris wore a very grave face, and speculated as to the possibility of suing somebody or other for damages; but rallying a little he whipped up our retrospective animal and urged him forward until we got into deep water and an ugly predicament at the same time. A sudden turn brought us close on to the river; a strong current caught the vehicle ; the horse plunged into a hole and took to swimming; the water rushed into the buggy with a gurgle and a great splashing; two pairs of legs appeared simul taneously in mid-air over the dash board; two valises filled with water, and one stout individual of the party-not myself-lay back in his seat and rethey are of my mind; for, setting aside peated in an undertone a string of long words which I never remember to have met with in any dictionary or spelling book. More whipping for that miserable horse, more kicking and plunging, another influx of water, and we came finally to anchor. It was a cheerful prospect on all sides; nobody could deny that. A river on the left, a thicket on the right, another river where the road ought to have been, and no room to turn round in or do anything but go straight ahead. To the two voyagers,

> was highly exhilarating. For the first time in his life, as I believe, Harris made an effort, at this juncture, to quote poetry-a sure sign that something was preying on his mind

sitting in a remarkably easy position.

with their lower extremities elevated at

"Water, water everywhere, And not a drop to drink,"

he muttered, g'oomily. "What's the matter, Harris?" in-

"Oh, I'm thinking of that whisky that II - has upstairs," he replied. "We might have brought some, "for medical purposes," you know; and here we are without a drop. A fine opportunity just thrown away."

Waiting till his grief grew somewhat calmer, we resolved ourselves into a "committee of ways and means," but found the way decidedly easier than the means. After holding council, however, I was told off for active service, while to the discomfort of a dweller on dry Harris constituted himself a reserve land, preserve me from ever again party, and remained in the buggy. I ipped off my clothes and con myself to that treacherous stream, alter nately weding and swimming for a quar ter of a mile shead, to reconnoitre. At that point I thought it well to ascend a tree, by way of going to the mast-head. and to "look out for a sail." Did any reader of this ever try to climb a tree without that covering which the shallow conventionalities of society sinsist that man shall wear, and robed only in his own innocency? If not slet him take the advice of one who has done and suffered much, and let him never attempt it. I will not harrow any one's feelings with the details. I don't intend speak of the scraping on the bark of that tree every time I slipped (which was pretty often), or of that deceitful bough which snapped off and let me down into the water with a suddenness hate to recall, or of the thorns which enlivened my downward progress. I will only distantly allude to the plaster ointment which I have been purchasing at intervals ever since that day. After stating that I shall never again look on a gum tree without a shudder, I will draw a veil over the

> scene forever. On my return to Harris, his face wore a look of solemn abstraction, and his lips were moving inaudibly. It was only after repeated questions from me that he looked me sadly in the face and

"I'm praying;" and then seeing my look of irreverent unbelief, he added : "Yes, I'm praying for a buggy six

feet higher than this one, and a horse twelve feet high."

Saying which, he calmly proceeded to unrobe and prepare to join me in my bath. I observed the care with which he wrapped his wet boots in my under shirt (which was on the seat beside him). and the methodical way in which he deposited a quantity of plug tobacco. pipes, and miscellaneous articles of value, in my hat. It was then that I confessed admiringly what a fine thing it is to be systematic in whatever one does, and what help it is, even in a gone a mile or two (more or less) swamp. The reads, would liked to have through the water, when our good steed seen Harris take the water, stepping considered that he had had enough of it, gingerly over the buggy wheels and try- trious animal had bicked out of me, and and turning round, made clear his inten- ing temperature with his toes. Imagine climbed up in the hay loft for the double

tion to come into the buggy with us, a large sized man-"a good portly man, purpose of picking up the top of my i' faith"-in a state of nature (excepting as regards a straw hat and a meerschaum pipe), wading in five feet of water, beside a plunging herse, holding the reins in one hand and a whip in the other, and you will see Harris as he appeared on that eventful day. We turned that buggy round in the water, and we turned the horse too, one being nearly as difficult to manage as the other. But we did turn them, and set out bravely for the shore, a mile and a half away. Our perils, however, were not endednot by any means. In one place, the horse, plunging vigorously, set his foot, in an impressive manner, on Harris's corns, causing him to perform many surprising feats in the water, of which didn't believe him capable, and pretty often the affinity of twisted roots for our feet had an equally lively effect on our movements. But worse, alas! was to come. A treacherous branch of a tree was lying in the way ; it became entangled in the wheel on Harris's side ; it revolved with the said wheel under water, and in due course of time it caught that devoted officer just behind his knee, and caused him to revolve likewise. Turning my head round at that moment, I saw my friend describing an are of a circle, till, "with his face turned to the skies," he disapeared. with a mighty splash. The horse was stopped, and a rescue attempted; but before I reached the spot Harris emerged, still alive, althoug a floating hat, an extinguished pipe, and a volley of unscriptural ebservations attested the

severity of his struggles. Time would fail to tell of all that befel us up to the time when we joyfully set foot on dry land. But once there, we put on our wet garments, baled the water out of the buggy-having it tilted up for that purpose by the help of a fence rail-and left that spot, I trust forever. Harris bid the "Dismal Swamp" an affectionate farewell, an l turning to me, with an air of settled conviction, he observed :

"It's my opinion that the Pee Dee is great river-a very fine river. Yes. sir," he added, after a thoughtful pause, "a very fine river--to keep out of."

"John Paul" on the Panic.

HE GIVETH AN ILLUSTRATION.

John Paul having returned from Saratoga, and being obliged now to take

his favorite waters out of a bottle, feels more than evers like moralizing, and thus delivers himself in a letter to the Tribune to day : We all knew this storm was coming.

But I have yet to see the man who thought it was coming just yet or took in his lower sails, if he did his topsails When it came or showed itself near at hand would be time enough to be dodg ing, they thought. And my father once had a horse in his stables, a fine spirited creature, which I was fond of fooling around. The old gentleman warned me that he might kick, but I didn't thank him for that; of course he might kickany horse might, for that matter. But I hadn't been round the stables when supposed to be at school for nothing I had noticed that when a horse kicked he laid his ears back. So I waltzed around "John the Baptist"-that was the noble animal's name, though why so christened, unless because of his ability to kick a path through a wilderness I do not know -- just as usual, and relied on a religious observation of his ears for safety. At the least dropping of that barometer I stood ready to jump. One day, having business about his manager -business not wholly unconnected with a hen's nest-I approached by what may be designated as a flank movement, and requested him to stand over on the other side of the stall, as I wished to come in. That there might be no mistake about my meaning, I made it quite clear by pricking the flank most in my way gently with a pitchfork. But I was careful to watch his ears very care.

fully while making the request. Now. if you'll believe me, I didn't see his ears drop, neither did I see his foot rise. But I did hear a boy about my size strike against the other side of the barn with a bang. And after an hour

or two, when I had collected my scat-

tered thoughts and picked up the jew-

barps, and jack knives, and green

apples and watermelens that the indus-

head-which according to all evidence of the senses, must have landed thereand getting a better view of what was going on down below, I remarked that that horse's ears were laid down on his back as fint as though a tailor's goose had lit on them. But the warning did me very little good then. And when I went into the house and the old gentle men said that he told me so, and that it would only have served me right if the horse had kicked me into the middle of next week, I found no relief for my bursting bosom till I had emptied the red pepper cruet into the manger of 'John the Baptist"-turning his clover hay into the very wildest kind of honey -and set him succeing till these confounded cars of his stood up so stiff and straight that they raked forward like a iack rabbit's. And I made up my mind then and there never again to let my liking for a brisk business bring me round anything the further end of which one has to watch to see what the nearer end is going to do, especially when that

nearer one
Still, and a rearer one
Yet than the other,

has a way of lifting so quick and easy. It is sound business judgment to avoid the vicinity of any animal whose skin is so short that he can't drop his ears without raising his heels, the more so if he happens to be so particularly lively that he can go through both mo tions at once. Further than this I don't know that there's any special point to my story. But I was a good deal hurt at the time, and my nose ever since has borne considerable resemblance to a badly turned pancake. It has been some satisfaction to feel that I am more fami Iliar with the habits of the horse than I was before the accident happened, and if any one fishes a deeper moral out of my story, it will further gratify me to know that my nose was not flattened in

Marriages in England.

The London correspondent of the Missouri Republican writes : Parental authority is seldom employed

in making marriage plans; but paternal influence and maternal diplomacy are very potent. Whoever comes into the drawing room of an English house does so by an invitation from the master or mistress. It is scarcely possible for an English girl to make the acquaintance of a gentleman except through her pa rents. Gentlemen do not expect it and do not attempt it, and daughters do not expect and do not attempt it. Girls are not under surveillance, but the parents think and the daughters are made to feel that they care of them selves, so some o. is always with them to take care of them. There is not a wide range for matrimonial choice, but it is not needed. A good many insecurities are eliminated to start with. The 'respectability" and income are secured from knowing the family and a woman aut." has little to consider beyond the matter of personal attraction and habits But an Englishman of "good family" is not likely to have habits that are fatally objectionable. He has inherited his ways, and he has many restraints to keep him in those ways. He is not likely to to gamble or drink immoderately, nor in other ways to outrage the public decencies. Or if he should chance to be addicted to any excess- his family will not lose its social place.

Respectability cannot be thrown away in one generation. He may have a bad temper and beat his wife. It is said that this treatment is not yet wholly a tradition in any grade of English life, but just in proportion as it is not unusual, is it less likely to break the wife's heart, and as domestic life is so shut off from the world, the knowledge of it need not escape from the home.

Something likely to end in smokehe report of a gun.

To keep the feet warm-use hob nails n your boots. It is said that Fred Douglas employs

white coachman. The Grangers have started an organ

settled when she arrives at maturity.

salled the Soythe. It will cut political Why is a young lady like a bill of xchange?-Besause she ought to be

A practical argument ; "Maria, have on given the takes any fresh water ?" "No. sir What's the use? They havn't drunk up wot's in there yet"

Emma's Secret.

"Emma and Jim and Will come to spend the day with me, mamma," cried Tom Jones. "How glad I am !"

"I am glad too," said Mrs. Jones. The poor children do not often have a holiday, and I hope they will make the most of this one."

"Yes, that they shall; and I will help them to do it," said Tom, catching off his hat and throwing it into the air.

"Off with you, then," said Mrs. Jones: and the happy children were soon out in the barn playing in the hay, with shouts of laughter that might be heard over half the farm. Tired of this at length, they began to hunt for eggs; then they fed the chickens; then Tom

"This is all good fun, but I am tired of it. Let us go down by the bridge and skip stones on the water."

"Will your mother let you go so far?" said little Will. "And won't we any of us fall into the water and get drowned?" Tom laughed.

"I guess I would not ask you to go unless I was sure my mother would let me," he said. "And as to falling into the water, we shall not be such goose as that." "I thought it was ducks that went

At that they all laughed and ran along the path that led to the river. "Oh dear ! what a nice place this is!"

half of my time on this very spot."

"No, you would not." said Tom. work to do, and all sorts of tiresome time, just as I do." "Why, Tom," said Emma, "I do not

time because we have duties to attend "I do," said Tom. "I love to play,

think it keeps us from having & good

and I hate to work. So there !" He stooped down, took up a stone and prepared to throw it into the wa-

"Yes, perhaps you do," said Emma.

"What do we live for then?" said "Why, to please Jesus," said Emma

'My mother says we ought just to live for that, and I am trying to do it." "Bother !" said Tom, impatiently, as he turned away from her. "I don't

profess to be be a Christain." She laid her hand gently upon him and gave him a sad but earnest glance as

"But, Tom, you ought to be a Christain. If you are not, you must be shut out from heaven, and from God, and floor again with her finger, but the pales from all things that are good and pleas. was still sticky. The next morning it

"I want to live in heaven," said Jim . 'It is such a beautiful place-ever so much prettier even than this."

"How do you come to know so much about it?" said Tom, shortly. "Why, it is all in the Bible,' said Jim

It is easy enough to find it. We read it very often-Kmma and I do." Tom began to skip stones, and

talk very fast about other things. never liked to think about serious subjeets. Pretty soon the tea-bell rang, and they all went in to find quite a little feast prepared for them by kind Mrs.

After tea she told them stories till it was time for the children to go home. As they came to kiss her good night, she said to Emma: "Well, my dear, have you had a hap

py day ?" "Oh, so very happy!" said Emma: "and I thank you for being so kind to

Mrs. Jones stood in the door watch them as they walked away. "Poor things !" "she raid; they do not

have many bright days." "Yes, they do," said Tom. "I not know how it is, but Emma is the happiest girl I ever saw. How she can be happy in that poor place where she lives, and with such a lazy, cross father as she has, I cannot imagine.'

I can tell you Emmi's secret,' said Mrs. Jones. "The real home that she lives for is all glorious in beauty. She leves the Savier, and knows that she is the palmy days of California, the "gay seaven. So when troubles seem all was "well taken:"

dark about her daily life, she has leave ed to see God's love shining through them and to look beyond them to a glorious home.

Jom whistled and walked away wiff a careless air, and with his hands in his pockets, but there was a thought in his mind which he hever lost in all his after life. This was the thought:

"A secret like that must be worth something, and I mean to try what it will do for me. I am sure I do set want to be shut out from all pleasant things any more tham Jim does. I ought to be a Christsin: I must . F

That thought was put into Tom's mind by the Spirit of God. Tom acted upon it, and it bore rich fruit. He was never sorry for it.

I have no doubt that the very same good Spirit has often put such thoughts into your mind. If so; what did you do with them ?

How She Painted her Floor and After.

The Danbury News tells it:

An old lady who lives a little distance from the small village of Queshy; Vt., writes a friend, went to the store in that into the water, and not geese," said place a few days ago for a pot of print, with which she designed ornamenting her kitchen floor. She told the clerk, who went down stairs to prepare the decoction, to put in plenty of drying mesaid Emma as they came to the green terial, and he honestly intended to do so. bank by the water's side. "What a but missing some pomatum from one pretty little bridge, and what grand old side of his moustache, the loss so annoytrees! If I lived there, I should spend edshimethat he omitted paying that attention to the order which it required, and instead of turpentine, poured in You would have lessons to learn and generous quantity of syrup. That evening the old lady painted her fleer, and things to keep you from having a good the next morning made an examination of it, to test its condition. When the opened the door, her cat, which was following, playfully jumped into the room. and then stepped. The old lady imme-diately showed the animal, but it didn't shew. It pulled away and tore one foot from the floor, and set it down desin to pull up another, which necessitated and ing up the first one again. Shen ittried the experiment over again, but with the same result. Finally it lifted one foot, "But then we do not live to please our, and kept it up until the other was lifted This gave the animal the appearance of trying to stand on its head, but its plaintive cries indicted that such was not its purpose. While thus raised it attempted to lift the third feet, but im so doing fell over, and came down on its side in the paint, and there it stucks clawing the air with its paws and spitting forth the most venomous The old lady got a board and laying it to the cat, succeeded with some diffic ty in resouing it. But she could not understand why that paint should be se moist. In the afternoon she tested the was the same, and also in the afternoon The third morning there was no improve ment, nor any in the afternoon. was astonished. When she touched her finger to the paint this time, she transferred her finger to her tongue, then opened her eyes a little wider, and tas ted again. After that she put on her

Joke on the Judge.

things, harnessed her hose and started

for that store. And that evening the

clerk shaved off his moustache, and

buried his pomatum in the solitude of

The Pioche (Cal.) Record of Septer ber 10th, relates this incident in a Polies Court: About the first case than came up before Bense Van Hagan, our new Justice of the Peace who took his seat, last week, was that of a worthw gentleman who had unfortunately imbibed so freely of the flowing bowl that his social qualities became developed to such an alarming extent as to make the guesdiaus of the public peace feel compelled to provide him with a nights entertains ment at public expense: Appearing before his honor the following morning rather dilapidated as to the outer man. but with a remnant of the evening's drollery gleaming in his eye, he thus accosted him: "Be as light on me as you can, Judge; I'm tolerably hard up, andand-you know how it is gonrach?" Among those who remembered Van in going, after this life, to live with him in eat of the gay," it was believed the point